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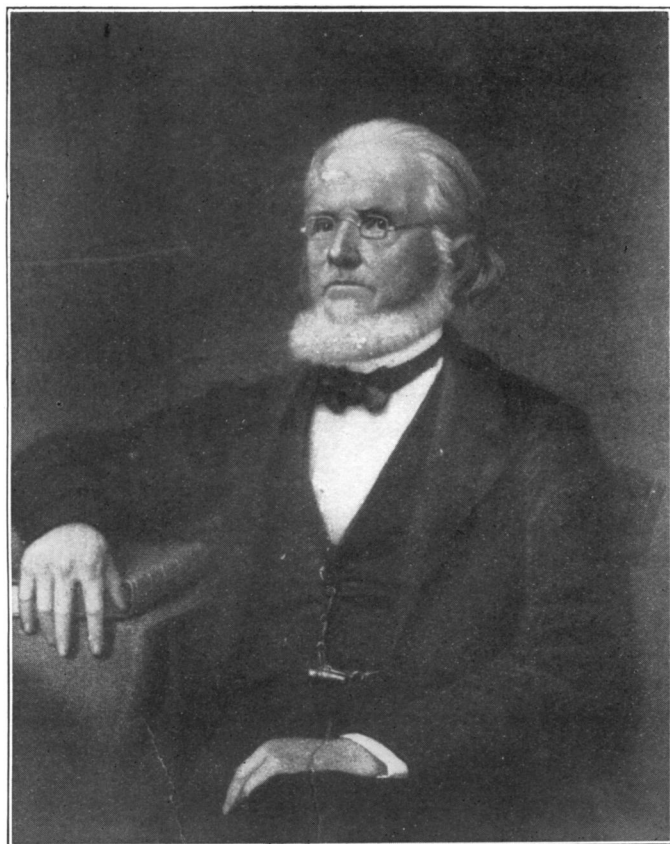
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THOMAS LIPPINCOTT.

**THOMAS LIPPINCOTT, A PIONEER OF 1818
AND HIS DIARY**

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It would be difficult to find among the pioneers of Illinois a more interesting figure than Thomas Lippincott, who arrived in the State in the year of its admission into the Union. Certainly few of the early leaders in the moral and spiritual life of the frontier showed more versatility or labored more energetically and unselfishly to promote the cause of civilization in a new country. He was always at the forefront of every movement for religion, temperance, education, and freedom among settlers who did not always wish to follow along such paths.

Born of Quaker parents in Salem, New Jersey, in 1791, Thomas Lippincott began his career in the east as a merchant's clerk. Having settled in Philadelphia, he responded to the call for volunteers when that city was threatened by the British in the War of 1812. Later he went to Sullivan County in southeastern New York and it was from the small town of Lumberland in this region that he set forth late in October, 1817, to seek a new field of labor on the western frontier. If he had started alone on this long and, especially at that time of the year, difficult journey, the trip would have been noteworthy, but as a matter of fact, he sallied forth with a wife and babe only fifteen weeks old. St. Louis where Mr. Lippincott had a brother was the destination of this migrating family. They travelled in a one horse wagon first overland through New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania to Pittsburg; then on a Monongahela

flat boat down the Ohio to Shawneetown, and finally overland again by horse and wagon through southern Illinois. Mr. Lippincott kept a journal, written in pencil, of this remarkable journey and its pages furnish an interesting although at times a rather harrowing picture of the experiences of this father and mother and baby in making their perilous way over the snow covered mountains of Pennsylvania, down the ice bound Ohio, and across the muddy and frozen prairies of Illinois. It is a story of more than average hardships; of "cold and blustering weather;" of "roads worse and worse;" of a broken axle-tree and a journey "on foot to find shelter;" of a trip on a flat boat with a crowd of "drinking sailors, profane young men and vulgar old men and women." It was late in November that the party reached Pittsburg and it was not until nearly the end of December that they reached Shawneetown. Here, warned that the roads and trails were impassible and advised to wait until spring opened the river to traffic, they lingered for a couple of months. However, this intrepid, not to say, foolhardy pioneer would not wait and so early in February he set off once more with horse and wagon. The ice soon cut the horse's foot so that he became lame; the second day out one of the forewheels came off and finally had to be lashed fast, thus sliding along for twenty three miles before they came to a blacksmith shop. On two occasions when weary and worn, they could not stop at friendly cabins because measles or whooping cough frightened them away. How the infant ever managed to survive the journey is incomprehensible.

But we must let Mr. Lippincott tell his own story. The original manuscript journal is not at hand. The transcript below is reprinted from the *Presbytery Reporter* of January, 1870—a religious periodical edited by the Reverend A. T. Norton and published at Alton, Illinois. Mr. Norton, an intimate personal friend of Mr. Lippincott, had the journal in his possession and edited it a few months after the death of his friend for this number of the *Reporter*.

He also supplied a biographical sketch upon which I have largely drawn for the facts relating to the career of Mr. Lippincott. Parts of the Journal, and it would seem especially the first part, were illegible and I therefore transcribe Mr. Norton's summary of the first few entries:

The party "left Ten Mile Creek in a one-horse wagon, on Tuesday, October 28, 1817. The first day they traveled eight miles. The second 20, and by the most rocky road, as he supposed, in the United States. The course must have been southeast through a corner of Orange County, N. Y.; for, at the close of the third day, after traveling 20 miles over a 'very rough turnpike, which the managers had forgotten to work,' they were in Sussex County, N. J. October 31, they reached Hope, in Warren County, N. J., 26 miles. 'Weather unfavorable; threatening a long storm. Country Pleasant.' From this time we give the diary complete, so far as it is possible to decipher it."

Nov. 1.—Very dreary morning; cold and unpleasant. An old acquaintance of Mrs. L., Dr. (name illegible), located at Hope, in good and extensive practice. *As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend.*

Nov. 2.—Sabbath Morning—Still detained at Hope by the rain, which, however, seems less violent. Propose attempting a start. At this place we were very kindly entertained in the family of a hospitable farmer. Mr.

Nov. 2.—Arrived at Easton, Penn. Dark when we passed over the elegant bridge, and we were thereby prevented from viewing it. 22 miles.

Nov. 3.—Arrived five miles west of Allentown, Lehigh County. Miserable entertainment. Sign of three kegs. Initiated into the ancient and no doubt respectable custom of sleeping *under the bed*. Traveled 23 miles.

Nov. 4.—Traveled 23 miles on the 5th we were at Womelsdorf, having passed through Reading, 13½ miles. On the 6th, at 3 P. M., we reached Lebanon, 14 miles,

when a heavy rain induced us to put up. Lebanon is the shiretown of Lebanon County with a court house of brick. On the 7th we came to Hummelstown, 16 miles. The roads are so heavy that it is very tedious and fatiguing traveling. On the 8th we reached Harrisburg, 9 miles. Stopped to try to get some of our load taken on. Surveyed the public buildings and a bridge over the Susquehannah. Tarried at Harrisburg until noon of the 10th, when we came on eleven miles. Roads worse and worse. Very dark before could get into harbor. On the 11th we arrived at Stoughstown, 18½ miles. Very disobliging people at the tavern.

On the 12th arrived at ——— Valley, 18½ miles. Stayed at ———. They were cross and disagreeable. On the 13th we reached Fort Middleton, 14 miles. On the 14th Mr. Webster's town, Providence, Bedford County, 15 miles; on the 15th we arrived at Bedford, 16 miles. A chain bridge over the Juniata, one mile from Webster's, and a new, elegant stone bridge over the same river, lne mile from Bedford. 16th.—Set out from Bedford, at 10 o'clock A. M., and arrived at the foot of the mountains at sundown. Applied, as I thought, to the landlady, at T. Burns', and was not very politely refused. Proceeded up the mountain, and about one mile up broke the hinder axle-tree short off. Got out of the wagon, and made our way on foot to find a shelter. Applied at the house of a blacksmith, Henry Darr, and was very hospitably, though rudely, received by both man and wife, although they do not keep a licensed tavern, nor have they accomodations for travelers. 17th.—Took Very cold storm—sleet and rain. 18th.—Left Henry Darr's at noon, to go up the Alleghany. Arrived at ———, 9 miles. The last three miles were continued sloughs; near miring several times. 19th.—Cold blustering weather. Set out at 9 o'clock A. M., and arrived at Dennison's, at the foot of Laurel Hill, 13 miles. Laurel Hill still before me. 20th.—Set out frlm Dennison's to go up the dreaded Laurel Hill, about 8 o'clock. After a mile of level road but very bad traveling, owing to the mud being very deep, and frozen

just sto as to let the horse through, came to the mountain. Ascended by the old road much easier than I had calculated, but found the hill on the west side much worse than the east. We, however, got over safely, and proceeded on to Youngstown, 20 miles. 21st.—Set out after nine o'clock, and, after wading through deep mud six miles, came to the old turnpike which is much cut by the heavy wagons. Arrived about 7 o'clock at Mr. Loumers, having passed through Greensburg and traveled this day 21 miles. 22nd.—Set out from Mr. Loumer's at 7½ o'clock, and after a very fatiguing day, as a conclusion to our travel by land arrived at Pittsburg at dark.

Disappointment is still our lot. Brother Samuel had started in August or September for St. Louis. We find also that the season is so far advanced as to make it difficult to get a passage to St. Louis.

We remained in Pittsburg until Monday, Dec. 1, 1817, when we set out about dark with Mr. Geo. Haven, wife and family, Miss Willis and a number of others, the whole amounting to 25 persons, in a flat-bottom boat 24 or 25 feet long.

The boat was very much crowded and superlatively uncomfortable, by reason not only of the crowd, the freight and the smoke, but also of the *kind* of company we found ourselves in. Drinking sailors, profane young men and vulgar old men and wimen. Such is the society we were obliged to mingle with in a space of about ten feet square. We contrived, however, to fix a bed for the female part of our own particular company, consisting of Miss Willis, Mrs. Haven and two children, and Mrs. L. and child—six persons in one bed! Mr. Haven and myself reserved a berth above for ourselves; but owing to the danger of running at this low state of water without a pilot acquainted with the river, we could get no sleep, nor even attempted to turn in this night. After running about ten miles we laid by at the foot of an island.

Dec. 2.—Heavy wind ahead, and started pretty early but on account of the wind put in!while. Shore rocky., Put off, and by hard pulling contrived to keep moving until night, and passed by two boats of about our own dimensions. Met two keel boats ascending the river. The shore of the river thus far is uneven, in some places mountainous-banks at others flat. Some few log huts scattered along—*very* rarely a good comfortable house. We are near Beaver. I feel sleepy, but am on the full watch on account of the high wind and the smoky chimney. Have not slept for 42 hours.

Dec. 3.—Weather unpromising and disagreeable; high wind; could not run this day, and after toiling with the oars a considerable time, put in, having run but four miles. Passed Beaver, an inconsiderable place.

Dec. 4.—Very cold and the river full of ice. The owner of the boat had started when I got up, but was already endeavoring to gain a landing, which we found extremely difficult. But the danger of running was so great that we must by all means effect it if possible. After pulling against the ice and with the assistance of some people on rafts, which were landed, an opening was made in the ice, and we are now snugly moored close to a bold shore. But while the ice is rapidly making around us and the channel is full of floating ice, the prospect is gloomy. We made today about six miles.

Dec. 5.—Weather getting colder and ice running still more. Find ourselves likely to remain in this place some time. Went towards evening to find a place for our females and children, and obtained the consent of Mrs. Crail to have them take a shelter in her house.

6.—Took the women to Mrs. Crail's and placed them comfortably. Taking them and the bedding, etc., up occupied the whole day.

7th.—Sabbath.—“E'en Sunday shines no Sabbath day for me.” Amidst thoughtless and even profane people the conservation is of a disagreeable, unprofitable nature. No

time for meditation. "Woe is me, for I dwell in the tents of Kedar!"

8th.—The weather more moderate, and hope begins to brighten. Took a walk to Georgetown, 5 miles, for the purpose of sending a letter to Dr. Swift.*

OHIO RIVER, 8 miles below Beaver,
December 7, 1817, (evening).

DEAR BROTHER:—When I last wrote you, I informed you that there was a probability of our starting for St. Louis—yet you may possibly be somewhat surprised at hearing from me from this place. And not the less when I proceed to inform you that we are fast in the ice, and shall probably be detained here (unless a sudden thaw or rain should set us free) a considerable length of time. Indeed it is not impossible that we may have to look for winter quarters—and wait until the opening spring shall loose the icy bonds which bind this beautiful river. I had expected to meet my brother, in Pittsburg but found on my arrival there that he had been two months gone, and that he had already arrived in St. Louis. It then became necessary for me to make the best of my way to him—and it was no small gratification to me when Mr. George Haven, of Pittsburg offered to accompany me with his family, he having proposed to go to the same place that we were aiming at, but from various disappointments had concluded to postpone his removal until spring. The society of Mrs. Haven (an agreeable woman) and another lady (her friend) considerably ameliorates the condition of your fatigued and almost worn-out sister, while his enterprise and industry are no small assistance to myself. We contrived to get the women and children in a comfortable house in the neighborhood with hospitable people, and we expect to have them remain there while our boat remains shut up. Mr. Haven and myself lodge on board with the owner of the boat.

* This was Dr. Isaac Swift, a brother of Mrs. Lippincott, then residing at Ravenna, Ohio. The letter which follows in the Journal was fortunately preserved by Dr. Swift and sent by him to Mr. Norton for publication in the *Reporter*.

We wish very much to see you while here, for it is impossible to say when we shall be so near to each other again. If you ask why we do not take horse and come to Ravenna, we shall first say that it would be imprudent to leave this neighborhood, lest perhaps while we were absent a rise might take the boat off and leave use. But another still more cogent reason is—and I must candidly confess it—the want of means. Disappointed in my sanguine expectation of finding my brother in Pittsburg, I was unprepared to go further and had to sell my horse for which I paid \$95, at the low price of \$35. In this situation I know not to whom I shall apply but yourself; and although I had all along determined not to ask you for any money until you were fairly started in business, and would not fee the want of it, yet I find myself compelled by my destitute situation to ask you, if you can, to furnish me with an hundred dollars on account of your note. Should the weather continue cold you may confidently expect to find us here, for while the river is so full of ice it is impossible to run without the most imminent danger. But should a rain raise the water it will be unnecessary for you to attempt the journey. You will know the state of the weather.

Need I use any further arguments to persuade you to ride sixty or seventy miles to see a sister on the way to the banks of the Mississippi, where (unless a spirit of enterprise should induce you to travel thither) a long separation will in all probability result. If it should be necessary, let the thought of her destitute situation have the effect. It would be too great a risk to enclose the money by mail, as from the frequent detention of mails, and various circumstances, we might be gone before a letter would arrive, although by coming immediately you might find us.

We are in health except colds. Our dear little Abiah has just had the kine-pox, and is getting over it. Our sincere love is ever yours.

THOS. LIPPINCOTT.

DR. ISAAC SWIFT.

P. S.—Should you not be able to come yourself to see us, (which we very much wish) I would thank you to enclose the amount I mentioned—or if you cannot so much—then what part of it you may be able to—addressed to me at Cincinnati, Where I shall call; and in case the letter shall not have arrived as soon as I do, shall leave directions for my letters to be forwarded. But I repeat it, I am very anxious that you should visit us if possible. You need not again be reminded of the impracticability of Our visiting Ravenna, and how would it cheer my dear companion to see the beloved brother of her fondest affections. The gratification to myself would be greater than I can describe.

Again yours,

THOS. LIPPINCOTT.

Georgetown is situated upon the left bank of the Ohio—on a plain considerably elevated above the water—but the houses generally look decayed, and the place is insignificant. Returned to the boat and found the owner and hands preparing to start on the morrow.

9th.—Set out early in the morning; weather pleasant, and ice much diminished in quantity. Run 21 miles, and landed just below Neasly's cluster of Islands, on the Virginia side.

10th.—Put off again. Pleasant weather, promising rain. Mr. Haven and myself, with two others went off from the boat and went to Steubenville, O., to get provisions. Steubenville is a pretty smart place, of considerable business. Saw Mr. and Mrs. H., formerly of Pittsburg. They sent their regards to brother Samuel. Rowed off to the boat again and run 29 miles, to within two miles of Charlestown. Landed on the Ohio side.

11th.—Passed Charlestown in the morning; so foggy that we could not see the houses distinctly. Passed Wheeling. Nearly opposite Wheeling, on the Ohio side, is the village of Canton. Wheeling is apparently a smart place.

Passed McMahon's Island, and fastened just below it to the right shore.

12th.—Rainy morning; started at 5 o'clock; passed pultney before day; passed the celebrated Mounds, or tumuli, on Mr. Tomlinson's; run to Fish Creek, 23 miles; wind high all the afternoon.

13th.—Set afloat about 4 o'clock, and came to the end of Long Creek, 35 miles, by 9 P. M.; still raining; river rising; arrived at Marietta at 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, 25 miles. Marietta is a very pretty place, elegantly situated, but liable to inundations.

Sunday, 14th—Started, after having landed Mr. Mrs. ———, about sunrise; but soon after we had started the wind rose, and after rocking the waves and toiling at the oars, we were forced to put in, having made but $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Monday, 15th.—Wind high; had to work hard all day, and run 20 miles, to within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile of Hockhocking river; snowy day; at 9 P. M., put off again; clear moonlight; went to bed, and at one o'clock A. M. called up with Mr. H. and Mr. Baker to take our watch; by six next morning had come to George's Island, having run, since 9 o'clock the preceeding day, 30 miles.

Tuesday, 16th—Continued running this day; weather fine; some snow squalls, however, by night reached Campaign Creek, 39 miles; still running; our watch; passed the great Kanawha river about 9 o'clock—a beautiful river of Virginia, Point Pleasant at its mouth; passed Galipolis in the night, could only tell by the dim light of a cloud that hid the moon that the situation is very fine, on the second bank which runs in a slope from the first. The river takes a bend here, and gives the town, which is situated in the curve, a semi-lunar form. An Island lies a little above it.

Wednesday, 17th.—Passed the village of Guyandotte, having run from Campaign Creek 48 miles; the weather is calm and pleasant for the season, and the water is pretty good; so that we run at about the rate of 3 miles per hour, but for the want of Islands, to serve for mile stones, we

cannot keep a correct reckoning; supposed we had run to Stone's Creek at sundown, 27 miles from Guyandotte. It is now one o'clock, Thursday morning, and we are now about closing our watch, having run without trouble or fatigue thus far to-night.

Thursday, 18th.—Snowy morning, but damp, and promising rain; calm and good running until toward evening, when the wind arose and we were compelled to stop at Graham's Station, distant from Stone's Creek $61\frac{1}{2}$ miles, having run from the mouth of the Hockhocking to this place without stopping the boat; was passed at 2 o'clock this afternoon by the steamboat built by Evans, Stockhouse and Rogers of Pittsburg. She moved majestically along at a rapid rate.

Friday, 19th.—Started from Graham's Station at $8\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock; wind blowing ahead, fresh and very cold; passed Manchester about 10 o'clock; prettily situated; arrived at Maysville at $6\frac{1}{2}$ P. M., 34 miles; fine moonlight; cold but calm. At 9 o'clock attempted to put off; but the wind arose and we were compelled to put in at this town.

Saturday, 20th.—Very high wind and intensely cold. Thermometer 12 below zero remained at Maysville, a great landing place, and place of great business. Mr. John Armstrong keeps a large store. About 5 P. M., wind fell and we put off; fine night; clear moonlight but cold; passed Augusta at 1 o'clock at night; turned in.

Sunday, 21st.—Boat still running, and at night arrived at Cincinnati, 65 miles. Cincinnati is an elegant town, but as it was dark could not see much of it; saw Mr. Robbins, of Connecticut, very polite and agreeable; put off again at 10 o'clock; night calm and moonlight, but cold.

Monday, 22d.—Continued running all night at a good rate; passed a number of towns and streams, many of which we did not see; arrived, toward evening, at Big Bone Lick Creek, from Cincinnati 56 miles; fine evening, and we kept on our course, smoothly gliding along the placid stream, with scarcely a zephyr to ripple the glassy

wave. A family living in their boat, moored at the mouth of the Big Bone, asked about making a settlement in Kentucky.

Tuesday, 23d.—Passed Madison early in the morning; did not see it; but 55 miles is great running and very pleasant; arrived within two or three miles of the Falls at 4 o'clock next morning and landed.

Wednesday, 24th.—Dropped down to the falls, and, after waiting several hours, took a pilot and started through; an exceeding heavy rain and thick fog; the falls were much rougher than I had supposed; got over safe, but wet to the skin. In consequence of the roof having leaked the interior of the boat was very wet, and the females and children in a disagreeable condition. Concluded to stop at New Albany for the night; went ashore, and (after informing Mr. N. Scribner who my wife was,) received an invitation to put up at his house, i.e., Mr. Haven, myself, and our families; hospitably entertained. Our run today was 4 miles only.

Thursday, 25th.—Christmas.—Left the hospitable roof of Mr. Scribner (after Mrs. L. had visited Mrs. Elizabeth Scribner and her mother,) and pushed off at 12 o'clock, noon. New Albany is pleasantly situated, on the right bank of the Ohio, in Indiana, and, in my opinion, bids fair to become a place of great business. Enterprise is characteristic of the proprietors, and many lots have been sold. There are at present 90 families—Mr. N. Scribner informed me—in the place; some good frame houses, a number of log dwellings, an elegant brick house and store (owned by Mr. Paxson, late of the house of Lloyd Smith and Paxson, of Philadelphia,) and a steam mill driving two saws and one run of stones, two steamboats on the stocks, and three more are to be shortly put up. A ferry, having a great run of business is established here.—— We ran, by ten o'clock P. M. to Otter Creek, 30 miles.

Friday, 26th.—The weather yesterday and today cloudy and threatening rain, but warm and not unpleasant for the season. We continued running without intermission,

excepting a few minutes to get wood, and at about 6 o'clock P. M. passed Flint Island, from Otter Creek 82 miles; still progressing; water pretty high.

Saturday, 27th.—The water for the most part to-day seems sluggish, and we move slow. Mr. John Kellogg, our captain, killed a wild turkey this morning for the first, and we had an excellent roast for dinner. Our run from 6 o'clock last evening to 10 tonight, to Yellow Banks, is 60 miles.

Sunday, 28th.—Continued running all night, and by 5 in the evening stopped at Red Bank (Henderson), having made 70 miles, started at 11 at night.

Monday, 29th.—Wet and disagreeable day, after a very foggy night. We run to a little below Highland Creek, from Red Bank, say 45 miles. Put in on account of the darkness of the night until the moon rises. At this moment, 12 o'clock, the wind blows hard against us.

Tuesday, 30th.—Arrived in the forenoon at Shawneetown, to where it was our intention to take the land for St. Louis, but am informed that the roads are impassable. We, therefore, are compelled to wait until the opening spring shall enable us to take the water. Got a room at Mrs. Cox's at the end of the town.

Wednesday, 31st.—Am told that there is a probability of my getting a hack, and determined to try. Finished taking out Mr. H's things and my own from the boat.

January 1, 1818, Thursday.—Applied to Dr. Oldham about a school, and received encouragement; but in the afternoon he told me that another person was making application. After having waited in expectation of procuring a school for a week, I at length receive information that no room can be procured, I am therefore compelled to give it up. Dr. Oldham, however, whose conduct was very kind, directed met to John Caldwell, Esq., Receiver of the Public Monies, who immediately employed me to journalize, at $31\frac{1}{4}$ cents per page. I average six pages per diem. On Thursday Mr. Haven concludes to start through in consequence of frost, and I lost Friday and Saturday in getting

ready. Set off on Sunday morning, Jan. 18, went two miles, got into a slough and then came back again.

Monday, Jan. 19.—Went back to the office.

Friday, Feb. 6.—Set out for St. Louis without Mr. Haven, &c., but with a heavy apprehensive heart. Runners under the wheels; got a small distance with them, when one of them split and I was obliged to take them off; the wagon then ran easier; crossed the Saline, the second time, after dark, and got to the town. Good bed, kind treatment. 14 miles.

Saturday, 7th.—Horse lame this morning from the ice cutting his foot yesterday; had to stop to have my single-tree mended detained some time; started at 10 o'clock, and after having been let down by the forewheel coming off three or four times, at length lashed it, and thus got to John Brown's; 13 miles; a very open cabin; stayed all night, and were kindly treated.

Sunday, 8th.—Got up at 4 o'clock, breakfasted by candle light for an early start; had to go back three miles on foot for my tar pot; started at 10 o'clock, as usual, and arrived early at Mr. McCreery's; 16 miles, very kind and attentive.

Monday, 9th.—Started a little after sunrise; at 9 o'clock came to a smith's shop, and had my wheel fixed after sliding it 23 miles; came to $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond Big Muddy; heavy traveling; $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Tuesday, 10th.—Set out early; had to pass Jackson's at Little Muddy, without the privilege of having Mrs. L. and babe go in and warm on account of the measles and whooping cough, which were in the family, consequently they had to ride 22 miles to Mrs. Cox's, where we put up.

Wednesday, 11th.—After having driven through a heavy road all day, we applied for a lodging at a miserable cabin and were about to stay, but found that the whooping cough was here also. No house where we could stay within seven miles, and the sun about setting, road through woods and not very plain. In this dilemma it pleased

Providence to send us help. An old man was at this house and guided us to his home, which was on the Turkey Hill road, about a mile out of the way. In his little cabin we found rest—a good bed placed on a frame composed of four forked sticks, placed perpendicularly, and four sticks longitudinally, resting on the forks—boards split served for a sacking bottom. Out table was a trunk, &c., &c. 26 miles to-day.

Thursday, 12th.—Was put into our road by our kind host, and pursued our journey; about noon entered Kaskaskia, a very old looking place, apparently in a state of dilapidation. After baiting the horse, pursued our journey; arrived at the village of Prairie du Rocher, where we put up at the house of Major Lecompte, a French gentleman, very intelligent and polite; 27 miles.

Friday, 13th.—Set out about sunrise, and soon began to climb a steep and rugged hill; the snow deep and difficult. After dragging on five tedious hours we found a house, the first in 12 miles, where we refreshed our horse and selves. A remarkable subterranean stream, from which, by means of a chain, the family procured excellent water, is at this house. Kept on through a heavy storm, of snow and sleet alternately, for one mile further, and stopped with Judge Lemen, an old settler; snowing very hard; 19 miles.

Saturday, 14th.—Too cold and stormy to travel; stayed with our hospitable old host and hostess, not thinking it best to travel.

Sunday 15th.—Clear but intensely cold. I went to meeting with Judge Lemen, and returned to tarry till Monday.

Monday, 16th.—After having been hospitably and gratuitously entertained by the worthy Mr. Lemen and his good old companion two days, we again made an essay on our journey; started at 10 o'clock, and got to the bottom region; 14 miles.

Tuesday, 17.—Early as the cold would permit, and as soon as the cheering influences of the sun was felt by the

inhabitants of this American Bottom, we were again traveling, making our way toward St. Louis. The day was calm and serene, the air pure, elastic and bracing. Our hearts bounded with hope and expectation. Long had we been waiting to meet a brother and a friend. Many a tedious and weary mile had we trode. Anxiety had pervaded our bosoms. Dread of difficulty and danger had hung over us, and often did our aching hearts almost regret that we had left the dear friends in the rugged and peaceful hills of Lumberland; but now when we confidently looked forward to the enjoyment of meeting those friends for whose sake we had thus traveled 1,500 miles, and expected in a few short hours to embrace, how different the situation—how elastic our minds—how with an uncommon activity and force did our blood spring from the fountains and rush through the various channels! At length, about 10 o'clock, the Father of Waters, the noble Mississippi, opened on our view—the town of St. Louis appeared, only separated from us by the grand stream. In a few minutes we hoped to tread the soil of Missouri Territory. The boat lands, we embark, put off, and shortly after we are on the eastern side of an island which obstructed our view of the western landing place. Turning the island, we see on the shore a number of men apparently waiting, and hope tells that one among the number is my anxiously-waiting brother. Soon it is put beyond a doubt. His face is visible. The boat touches the shore—we meet! Oh! how were my feelings wrought up at this moment! Our hands were locked almost in silence, but the emotions of our hearts were visible in our countenances. May He who has brought us through all the dangers of this long journey, still protect me, not only from personal and temporal danger, but from the rocks of vice, or the quicksands of forgetfulness! May he guide my footsteps according to the dictates of his Holy Will, and bring us all to the enjoyment of Himself here and hereafter! To Him be praise and humble thanksgiving forever more. Amen.

The reading of the journal arouses one's interest in the subsequent career of this pioneer of 1818. We naturally expect to see him play a part in the history of the frontier to which he travelled with such effort and at such great risk. Our curiosity is perhaps also aroused regarding the baby who survived the ordeal of that journey. Mr. Norton quotes one last entry from the "memorandum book" which contained the above journal. It runs as follows:

"Sunday, June 7, 1818.—Our child was baptized Abiah Swift by the Rev. Salmon Giddings, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, and in presence of the congregation. May God set his spiritual seal—that which is signified by the application of water—and enable us to perform our duties to this child as professing Christian parents! And may she be early initiated in the truths of the Gospel of Christ Jesus our Lord, and made an heir of Grace! Grant through the merits of the Redeemer!"

The infant grew to maturity and in 1834 was married to Winthrop S. Gilman, the prosperous merchant who in partnership with Benjamin Godfrey owned the warehouse on the bank of the Mississippi in which Elijah P. Lovejoy's press was stored and at whose door Lovejoy gave up his life for the freedom of the press.

After a brief and varied clerical experience in St. Louis, Mr. Lippincott went across the river to Milton and started a store in partnership with Rufus Easton who furnished the capital for the enterprise. Milton was a little settlement on Wood River, about four miles from the site of Alton. It boasted "two saw mills, one at each end of the dam across the river, a flour mill and a distillery." However, we look in vain on the map of to-day for this particular Milton. Evidently the malaria infected swamps proved too great an obstacle to pioneer millers, distillers, and storekeepers. Even when Julian M. Sturtevant, first instructor in Illinois College, came through this section on his first trip west, only eleven years later, Milton was a deserted and ruined village. "The houses" says Mr. Sturtevant, "were ten-

antless and in decay" and when young Sturtevant asked his driver where the inhabitants were, the latter pointed significantly to a grave yard on the hillside. Among others, Lippincott's wife succumbed to the malady. It may be remarked that Mr. Lippincott subsequently married three times, having eleven children by his third wife.

For the purpose of this sketch, it is hardly necessary to give a detailed account of the career of Mr. Lippincott and I therefore mention only the more significant events in his busy life. Although making "business," his formal vocation, his interests really lay along other lines. Even while he was starting the store in malarial Milton, he and his wife were organizing a Sunday School in their cabin—Mr. Norton claims, "the first Sabbath school in Illinois." Politics, as well as religion claimed his attention. Commissioned as a justice of the peace a few months after his arrival in Milton, he must soon have become a person of considerable local importance. In 1822 he became secretary of the State Senate at the second session which the legislature held in Vandalia and an interesting session it proved to be. It will be remembered that it was at this meeting of the legislature that the scheme was sprung to make a slave State out of Illinois. Although not a member of the legislature, Mr. Lippincott through the power of his pen and personality proved a valuable assistant to Governor Coles and the group of resolute men who labored hard to frustrate this scheme. Mr. Lippincott together with the governor, George Churchill and Samuel D. Lockwood contributed convincing articles to that strong anti-slavery, anti-convention paper, the *Edwardsville Spectator*, then being edited by Hooper Warren. When the legislature by a narrow margin and by aid of a trick in seating, unseating and again seating a member, carried the resolution for a convention, Lippincott gave further important aid in fighting the convention before the voters. How the scheme was defeated in 1824 by vote of the people is a familiar story to all students of Illinois history. The same year in which the

proposal for a convention was defeated Mr. Lippincott was elected a commissioner of Madison County.

A few years later Mr. Lippincott joined hands with John M. Ellis in the movement which led to the founding of Illinois College at Jacksonville. The Presbytery of Missouri, which then included Illinois, appointed him a member of a committee which was to investigate the possibility of establishing a college and so, in company with Mr. Ellis, in January, 1828, he traveled through the counties of Greene, Morgan and Sangamon arousing an interest in higher education and looking for a site for the proposed school. A few years earlier he had become one of the editors of the *Edwardsville Spectator*, which paper, however, ceased to exist in 1826. He was also at one time the editor of the *American*, a short lived monthly published at Alton and devoted to the "agricultural, mechanical and mercantile interests of Lower Alton;" and a few years later he edited during its very brief existence the *Taper*, a religious monthly. During the later years of his life, Mr. Lippincott devoted himself still more exclusively to religious work. He was formally ordained to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church in 1829. When the Synod of Illinois was established in 1831, Mr. Lippincott became its first stated clerk. Like a true pioneer his efforts as a minister were devoted chiefly to the establishment of new churches and the reestablishment of old churches which were struggling for existence. Elected to the board of trustees of Illinois College in 1838, he continued on that board for thirty-one years, or until his death in 1869.

Thomas Lippincott may not have been a man of unusual ability or profound learning, but he was a man of noble character, who left his mark on many communities and contributed something of real importance to the progress of civilization in early Illinois. As the centennial year again brings before us the men and women who laid the foundations of our State, we recognize anew our peculiar debt to such pioneers as Thomas Lippincott.